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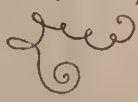
ORANGE BLOSSOM COOK BOOK

Gray



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COMPLIMENTS OF
THE ST PAUL ROLLER MILL CO
KINGSLAND SMITH MANAGER
ST PAUL, MINN.



GENERAL INDEX.

	PAGE.
Introductory.....	2
Chapter I, Conflicting Views on Cookery.....	3
Chapter II, The Old School and the New.....	6
Chapter III, First Lessons at Cooking School.....	8
Chapter IV, The Mysteries of Bread Making Unfolded..	13
Chapter V, Buried Bakeries.....	19
Chapter VI, " Lucy's Whim ".....	23
Chapter VII, A Letter from Florida.....	28
Chapter VIII, " Purely Pastry "	32
Chapter IX, A Return to Dough	36
Chapter X, Breakfast Bites.....	40
Chapter XI, Reflection.....	44

INDEX OF RECIPES.

NOTE.—For Illustrations of Bread, Rolls etc., see Third Page of Cover.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Angels' Food, (with Cut).....	38	Muffins (Baking Powder).....	30
Cream Crackers.....	30	Notions.....	30
Doughnuts.....	30	O. B. Muffins.....	36
Delicate Cake.....	45	O. B. Waffles, (with Cut).....	40
English Muffins, (with Cut).....	37	Pastry, (with Cut).....	32-35
Federal Bread.....	30	Pine Apple Fritters.....	41
Flannel Cake.....	30	Queen Fritters.....	42
French Rolls, (with Cut).	26	Sponge Cake.....	38
Home Made Bread, (with Cut).....	13	Testing Flour.....	9
Imperial Rolls, (with Cut).....	13	Vienna Bread, (with Cut).....	24
Loaf Cake.....	37	Yeast	10 and 25
Maryland Biscuit, (with Cut).....	37		

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THE

ORANGE BLOSSOM

COOK BOOK.

AN EXPLANATION OF

The Art of Breadmaking,

BY

"ELLEN GRAY."

PUBLISHED BY

THE ST. PAUL ROLLER MILL CO.,

KINGSLAND SMITH, - MANAGER.

SAINT PAUL, MINN.

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VOL. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

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In issuing this first edition of the ORANGE BLOSSOM COOK BOOK, we wish in a few words to explain our object.

We believe that the making of bread in its various forms, is one of the most important branches of cookery and one that is perhaps the least understood.

By a knowledge of the various appetizing forms in which flour can be served as bread, the housekeeper can supply her table from time to time with a variety of breads, that will prove a new source of pleasure to her family. For instance, many people trying the French rolls, made according to the description in the Orange Blossom Cook Book, for the first time, have declared that they never supposed bread could be so delicious.

In looking over the various popular cook books, we have been surprised to notice the meagreness of instructions on bread making. Some general recipes indeed are usually found, but all the little details, necessary for a clear understanding of the subject, are entirely omitted. We, therefore, have taken it upon ourselves to supply this deficiency, and have endeavored in the Orange Blossom Cook Book, to explain every point about bread making in such a clear manner, that anyone, even without any previous knowledge of the subject, can, by careful attention to the instructions, and aided by a little practice, become a successful bread maker.

It has taken no little time, labor and expense to prepare the Orange Blossom Cook Book, and we trust it may assist many a young housekeeper to better bread products. We secured the services of the best bread maker we could find for preparing the recipes, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we have woven them into a story which will be completed in future editions, should this one meet with as favorable a reception as we hope. We would call attention to the illustrations on the third page of the cover. We have had these specially prepared to give the reader a clear idea of the size and form of some of the kinds of bread described.

We think our readers will find the chapter on "Buried Bakeries" a specially interesting one. The cuts that illustrate it were kindly furnished by our friend Mr. C. M. Palmer, the enterprising proprietor of the Northwestern Miller of Minneapolis, Minn.—the leading milling journal of the world.

We are always pleased to hear from consumers of our flour, and any lady who may have any question or suggestion to offer concerning the topics treated in the Orange Blossom Cook Book will receive careful attention by addressing the undersigned.

Very respectfully,

KINGSLAND SMITH, MGR.

St. Paul, Minn., July, 1885.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM COOK BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

CONFLICTING VIEWS ON COOKERY.

"I begin to doubt the wisdom of Solomon somewhat," exclaimed Grandmother Perkins, as she removed the spectacles from her nose, and laid down the newspaper she had been reading.

Her granddaughter Sophie who was busily engaged in re-making some article of wearing apparel that had been cut and made up in the conventional style so painfully familiar to women who are compelled to patronize fashionable dressmakers, stopped short in her work, and eagerly inquired, "Why so grandma?"

"Because" replied the old lady, with an expression of the utmost disgust, "here's an account nearly a column long that I've just read, of a new school somewhere out west, in which girls are to be taught to make bread and cook meat, and do all kinds of housework. Solomon says 'there is nothing new under the sun;' but I'd like to know if that isn't something new? Who ever heard of such a school before? In my young days mothers showed their daughters how to do all kinds of housework, and long before I was married, I was as good a housekeeper as mother, even though I do say it myself. Bless me, I remember as distinctly as if it was yesterday, how your Grandfather Perkins praised the bread he ate at supper the first time he ever visited our house. But well he might, for it was beautifully light and spongy and almost as white as the driven snow—and I never went to cooking school a day either. People may write and talk as much as they please about Schools of Domestic Economy, or whatever fanciful names they choose to give them, but I can't see much economy in girls going to such places to learn to cook and do housework, when they can learn to do such things better at home."

"But, grandma," said Sophie, "you don't object to such schools as that of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, under the supervision of Mrs. Ewing, where theoretic study and practical drill are

combined in every branch of housework, and where thorough instruction is given in cookery and all the household arts?"

"My dear child," replied her grandmother in evident astonishment at Sophie's question, "it looks to me like a great waste of time and money for a young woman to go to school anywhere, to be taught what she ought to learn at home. There are so many important studies to take at school that no girl can afford to go there to learn to cook or do housework."

"Don't you think it quite as important, grandma," persisted Sophie "to know how to cook and keep house as it is to do almost anything else? Is there anything more important to learn than the art of making home pleasant and attractive? Does any subject concern us more than the proper preparation of food? If I had spent half the time in learning to cook that I have in learning to paint, or had given as much attention to my diet as to my Latin and Greek and Music I am very sure I wouldn't be under the care of a physician to-day. I am satisfied the food, and more especially the bread, I have been compelled to eat for the last few years has done much towards injuring my health."

"Sophie, where *did* you pick up your strange notions?" asked the old lady in amazement at hearing her granddaughter express such heterodox views. "I'm sure you always had good bread at home, and I generally find very good bread wherever I visit. It takes a great deal of hard work to make bread, and most housekeepers are too busy to spend half their time in making bread. Indeed most of them find their families eat enough of such bread as they give them; and I can't see the sense of their working themselves to death trying to make it better. I know all about bread making—for I could make as good bread as my mother when I was sixteen—and made it pretty regularly every week for about fifty years, and I'm quite sure that many of our neighbors are as good bread makers as I am."

"I don't mean to say, grandma," quietly resumed Sophie, "that you ever made any poor bread, but I don't see why there shouldn't be as much progress in bread making as in anything else. And if there are any new or improved ways of making it we ought to take advantage of them. You remember Pansy wrote in one of the papers the other summer, that a number of ladies who went to cooking school at Chautauqua, under the impression they knew all about making bread, confessed after seeing the teacher make some, that

they learned more in an hour about good bread and how to make it, than they had learned in all their lives before. And Minnie Hawk told me the other day that the most delicious bread and rolls she had ever eaten, was some she got while attending a lesson at the cooking school when she was visiting in St. Paul last winter."

"If you and Minnie Hawk knew the amount of labor required to make a batch of bread you wouldn't be so particular perhaps, but would be satisfied to eat the same kind of bread other people eat and think good enough," was Mrs. Perkins' response to what she considered almost an impertinence on the part of her granddaughter

"But, grandma," persisted Sophie quietly, "in one of her lectures Mrs. Ewing says—'that when a person knows just how, it requires very little labor and is scarcely any trouble to make and bake a batch of bread of the very best quality.' And Minnie told me that when she gave the lesson on bread making in St. Paul she dissolved a cake of Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast in a quart of wetting, and gradually stirred in a sufficient quantity of Orange Blossom flour to make the dough the proper consistency, then after molding it a few minutes she put it to rise, and in less than five hours from the time of commencing operations the bread was baked and ready for the table. By the old method, you know it takes all night and nearly all next day with two or three hours of hard work to do a baking, I think it would be worth while for any woman to spend a whole year at a School of Domestic Economy if she learned to do nothing but make good bread, according to the method taught at Ames by Mrs. Ewing. It seems to me the saving of time and labor in making bread alone would pay well, if no instruction were given in anything else."

The conversation between Sophie and her grandmother was interrupted by the arrival of some of Sophie's friends, and although the old lady was in no very amiable mood when her granddaughter went to meet the visitors, she wiped her spectacles, replaced them on her nose, and re-read every word of the article about the School of Domestic Economy.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

Prudence Perkins, or Grandmother Perkins as she was generally called by the neighbors, was one of those New England women whose houses are always neat and tidy, but seldom home-like or cosy, and who give so little attention to the preparation of the food served at their tables, that even a limited amount of it taken regularly for a short period, gives one accustomed to wholesome, well cooked fare, frequent attacks of dyspepsia, if not a chronic feeling of discomfort.

Sophie Southgate's parents had both died when she was a child, and Sophie had been reared by her grandmother until old enough to be sent to a young ladies' seminary—one of those typical institutions whose course of study and course of diet combined, speedily ruin the constitution of the average young woman; and here she remained until her health was seriously impaired, and her education "finished."

While her time was engrossed with school studies Sophie had given no thought to the subject of practical hygiene, and like a large proportion of the graduates of our colleges and seminaries, she had no idea, when she graduated, that the remotest connection or sympathy exists between the stomach and other faculties of the human organism; or that the food one eats has the least to do with one's general health, or special diseases. But shortly after returning home her attention had, by a paragraph in a newspaper, been called to the fact that her diet might have much to do with her physical ailments, and she then began to notice that the inferior bread she was obliged to eat at nearly every table where she happened to be a guest, affected her in an especially injurious manner. She consequently began to watch, with a good deal of interest, the drift of advanced thought on the food question; and several months before the family physician had prescribed a visit to the south as the only panacea for her, Sophie had reached the conclusion that a change of diet would do more to restore her wasted vitality than a change of climate. But when she ventured to express such an opinion to him he, having never thought in that direction, merely hooted at the idea. Sophie's belief however was not in the least shaken, and though she never mentioned the matter again to him,

she steadily pursued her investigations and became more and more convinced of the correctness of her belief, until conviction was finally driven home by reading in a sermon of one of America's greatest preachers that "bread touches every single quality that goes to make up life and power and success; and supplies the strength and substance to reproduce the waste materials of every element in the human body."

Having heard a good deal about the superior quality of roller mill flour and the marked excellence of compressed yeast in bread making, Sophie longed to see them practically tested, but she had breathed the atmosphere of her grandmother's home so many years, and her system had become so saturated with it, that it was almost impossible for her to realize that so very marked a difference could exist in the quality of bread made in her grandmother's kitchen, from that made elsewhere, although made of another brand of flour and another kind of yeast by a somewhat different process. But as Mrs. Perkins was so set in her ways that she could not be induced to use new process flour or compressed yeast, or to have bread made in any other way than that to which she had been accustomed all her life, Sophie felt a delicacy in interfering with the domestic arrangements in regard to bread making; and as compressed yeast was not obtainable at the village grocery, she had made no very strenuous effort to improve the quality of her grandmother's bread. She resolved however to acquaint herself very thoroughly with the most improved method of making bread, and looked forward eagerly to the time when she could have an opportunity of doing so, and of satisfying herself of the effect upon her health, of bread of the choicest quality, without in any way coming in conflict with her grandmother's prejudices. Sophie had so much respect for the old lady's feelings, and considered it so hopeless a task to attempt to convince her of the importance of cookery, that she seldom referred to the subject in her presence; but when her grandmother commenced the conversation given in the first chapter, in such a pugnacious style, she felt as if she were called upon for an expression of her sentiments; and taking up the cudgels in behalf of better bread, she handled them so vigorously, and with such marked effect that Grandmother Perkins was driven into a corner and compelled to put on her thinking cap. Before she emerged therefrom and removed her cap--we of course mean metaphorically--Sophie was on her way to the sunny South.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST LESSONS AT COOKING SCHOOL.

The new cooking school had a sweet, clean odor of pine, undisturbed by that of paint or plaster. It was a cosy place, well lighted and ventilated, with windows upon all sides, that could be raised or lowered at will with the slightest effort. A rotund, jolly looking tea kettle hummed and murmured, upon a range of the most approved pattern, and stew pans and basins and dish pans hung, or stood, in their appropriate place. The tables, of which there were several in the room, had smoothly polished, unpainted tops, while the chairs were light, but strong and comfortable, and corresponded admirably with the balance of the furniture. Every thing was new and clean, and fresh and wholesome. And Miss Lucy Knight with glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and hair that glimmered like gold in the mellow sunshine, sat in front of the polished range, beside one of the tables, clad in an indefinite gingham with a soft frill of lace at her throat, and a white apron clinging closely to her plump figure. Opposite the entrance door and on a small cabinet that contained a writing desk and the school library, hung a neatly framed diploma one which was plainly visible:—



“How beautiful she is!” was Sophie Southgate’s thought, as Miss Knight with a radiant smile welcomed her as the first pupil; but before she had time to syllable her thoughts in complimentary phrases a troop of girls came crowding hurriedly into the room, and the fragrance of a bunch of orange blossoms which one of them laid upon the teacher’s table, disturbed the current of her soliloquy and carried her back to her grandmother’s home among the bleak New England hills.

“Rat-tap-tap!” said the wooden spoon as it fell upon the polished surface of the white oak table producing an instantaneous silence among the pupils, and the teacher in soft, distinct tones began the opening lesson of the new cooking school.

“Since bread is the staff of life” she said, “and the most important article of diet, it is eminently proper that we should begin our culinary studies by making bread. To make the best quality of bread it is necessary to use the best quality of flour.”

“But please tell us” interrupted a bright eyed girl, “how we are to know the best quality of flour?”

“Good flour” replied the teacher, “should have a rich yellow cast and should be free from specks—a bluish white shade indicates that the impurities of the wheat berry have not been removed in milling. Good flour should have a slight gritty feeling. Avoid a flour that feels soft and salvy, and which when balled together in the hand, remains in a lump. Take some flour in the left hand, add a little water, and with the right forefinger mix a rather stiff dough in the hand. Let it stand ten minutes to set, then knead and work, in the hand, and if the flour is good the dough will become dryer and stiffer with working, and have an elastic rubbery feeling. While if the flour is of an inferior quality and lacking in strength, the dough will become soft and sticky under protracted working. There are various methods of testing flour, but these are some of the simplest. This flour” continued Miss Knight as she handled and mixed it, “bears all the tests of excellence. But when you see and taste the bread made from it, the superior character of its quality will be more satisfactorily established.”

“May I” said one of the pupils, “ask what brand of flour this is?” “Certainly,” replied Miss Lucy, “for although good bread can be made from any good brand of flour, I have very thoroughly tested, and prefer to use, this which is called “Orange Blossom.”

“I should have thought” observed Sophie “that in this land of flowers and perpetual summer the manufacturer would have chosen some less common name—some name less familiar to the latitude in which it was manufactured—snow flake for instance, or something similar”

“Your suggestion in regard to names is especially appropriate in this case” replied Miss Knight “since the flour we are using is not a product of the south but was manufactured at St. Paul in northern Minnesota—a latitude in which orange blossoms are rather rare. But to proceed with our lesson. The choicest flour—even the Orange Blossom—can not be converted into bread of the best quality unless in conjunction with it you use fresh sweet yeast. The first thing, therefore, to be considered in bread making is the yeast.

Be especially careful to use only good yeast. I prefer compressed yeast to any other, but when it is not attainable, good home-made yeast answers very well, although not so quick in its action."

"Please tell us something about yeast" said one of the pupils.

"Yeast" replied the teacher, "is a germ or plant, which when introduced into elements adapted to its nourishment, seizes upon and converts them into food for its sustenance, and while multiplying itself indefinitely by the natural process of growing, causes alcoholic fermentation, which is considered the best and most healthful fermentation for bread making. Volumes have been written about yeasts and ferments, and the subject is a very complicated and interesting one, but as we haven't the leisure to pursue it to-day I will simply tell you how to make yeast. And as I know of no better authority on the bread question than Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, who is in charge of the School of Domestic Economy of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, of which school I am proud to be a graduate, I will read the recipe for making yeast which she gives in her little manual on "Bread and Bread Making." This is it: 'Steep an eighth of an ounce of pressed, or a small handful of loose, hops in a quart of boiling water for about five minutes.' Strain the boiling infusion upon half a pint of flour stirred to a smooth paste with a little cold water, mix well, boil a minute, add one ounce of salt and two ounces of white sugar, and when lukewarm stir in a gill of liquid yeast, or an ounce cake of compressed yeast dissolved in warm water. Let stand 24 hours, stirring occasionally, then cover closely, and set in a cool place. Yeast made in this manner will keep sweet for two weeks in summer and much longer in winter, and can be used at any time during that period for making bread, or for starting a fresh supply of yeast.'"

"But can't yeast be made without yeast to start it with?" queried a pupil.

"O yes" said Miss Lucy, "there is no trouble whatever in making a ferment, popularly, but improperly, called yeast, without yeast to start it with. There are dozens of different articles from which it can be made, and such ferment will lighten bread; but it is not *true* yeast, and bread raised or lightened with it is not bread of the best quality. The lightness obtained from leaven, *salt* risings, and yeast made without yeast to start it, is the result of a putrefactive process, and is as objectionable as the lightness obtained from alum,

ammonia, and other substances in most baking powders. Never use any of them, if you can possibly avoid it."

During the conversation which followed the reading of the recipe, Miss Knight had been all the while engaged in preparing the yeast according to the formula given in the manual. "And now," she added, while stirring in the liquid yeast which she had brought with her, "we will cover the bowl, place it on a shelf in a corner of the room, and adjourn until 7 o'clock this evening, when we will meet again to set the ferment for to-morrow's baking."

The morning session of the cooking school had proved so interesting that every member of the class was in her seat at the appointed hour, eager to hear and see something more about bread making. And as they all appeared anxious for the lesson to commence, Miss Lucy took her position by a table on which were several large earthen bowls, a pan of flour, a wooden spoon, some salt and a few other articles, and instructed them how to set the ferment. This was the method she gave them. "Pour gradually, stirring meanwhile, a quart of boiling water upon half a pint of flour, to which a small quantity of potato, well boiled and mashed, has been added. When the mixture has cooled to lukewarmness, add a gill of yeast, stir well, cover closely, and let stand till thoroughly light."

"I notice" said one of the girls that you do not use the yeast that was made in the lesson this morning. Why is this?

"Because," replied the teacher, "it is too new—is not sufficiently fermented. It is not best to use yeast until it is about three days old. If, however, very strong yeast has been added in its preparation, and fermentation has been carried on rapidly, it may be used in twenty four hours, and in rare cases, even in twelve hours, after it has been made."

"Should potato always be used in setting ferment?" inquired another pupil.

"Some people always use it," said Miss Lucy, "but there is a difference of opinion among bread makers in regard to it. The general belief is that it quickens the action of yeast, and where there is the least doubt about the strength or integrity of yeast, it is perhaps advisable to use potato, or "fruit" as the bakers term it."

After the ferment had been prepared according to the recipe and put away, Miss Lucy informed the class that it would be light and ready to be used at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, but could stand without special detriment until 9 or 10 o'clock. "But" she con-

cluded, "the sooner ferment is used after becoming light and foamy, the better the quality of the bread made with it, will be. If any of you wish to see bread of the best quality we will meet at 6 o'clock in the morning, and mix it." The unanimous decision of the class was for assembling again at the early hour, and the pupils dispersed to their respective homes, leaving the teacher to complete her arrangements for the morning lesson.



View of the St. Paul Roller Mills, situated on the Mississippi River at St. Paul, Minnesota. It is at these mills that the Orange Blossom flour is produced.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIES OF BREAD MAKING UNFOLDED.

It was a perfect morning. The sky never looked bluer, the sun never shone brighter, the birds never sang sweeter. The air was soft and balmy and every breeze was so laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms that it wooed to lethargy and indolence. But the lesson of yesterday had so excited the pupils of the cooking school that none of them were overcome by its enervating influence, or lingered a moment to enjoy its loveliness. A new realm appeared to have suddenly opened before them, and they were eager for information upon a subject that heretofore seemed tame and prosy—that now possessed a more than ordinary interest. There was not an absentee at the appointed hour. And when the bowl of ferment was uncovered it was found to be a mass of bubbles, into which Miss Knight dipped a wooden spoon, and moving it back and forth caused it to foam and sparkle, and emit a beery or alcoholic odor. The flour which had been weighed and sifted was added to the ferment gradually, until the mixture became too stiff to be easily stirred. The spoon was then taken from the mass, some flour sprinkled over it, and the adhering dough rubbed off. Flour in small quantities was then sprinkled on the dough close to the bowl until a wall of flour was formed around the outer edge of the dough. The pupils watched the performance with intense earnestness, while Miss Knight in a manner similar to that by which she had cleaned the spoon, detached the dough from the bowl with the dainty fingers of her right hand and tossed it in a mass on the table, which had been sprinkled well with flour. The fingers of both hands were then used in folding the dough gently, but quickly, from the outer edge toward the center, the entire batch being turned round and round on the table as the kneading or molding proceeded.

“It is a great mistake,” the teacher remarked, as she continued to knead the dough with scarcely an effort, “to add flour rapidly in mixing bread, or to mix the dough so stiff that it requires a good deal of hard labor to knead it. In the days of our grandmothers, when milling was in its infancy and flour consequently of an inferior quality, considerable kneading may have been necessary. But

flour made by the new roller mill process is so much superior to that in use half, or even quarter of a century ago, that if it is properly handled, most of the labor that used to be considered inseparable from bread making can be entirely avoided. Orange Blossom flour is a great labor saver in bread making, and whoever will put enough of heart and brain into the work to enable him to make an improvement on our present system of milling will add to the sum of human happiness by increasing the possibilities of better bread. Care should be taken in mixing bread to add the flour slowly and to work it in well—otherwise the dough will become so stiff that bread made from it will be devoid of delicacy and sweetness.”

“But how are we to know,” asked Sophie Southgate who was one of the most interested members of the class, “when dough is of the proper consistency—or is just stiff enough.”

“A never failing indication,” replied Miss Lucy, “is when it works clean and smooth and does not require flour to be rubbed on the hands or sprinkled on the molding board or table, to keep it from sticking to them. This you see has reached that point. I have given it at least half a dozen turns on the table without flour, and not a particle of dough sticks to the table or to my fingers. Who wishes to try it?” A dozen pairs of soft hands were washed and wiped dry, and in quick succession the rosy palms pressed and patted and fondled the smooth, elastic ball of dough, turning it round, and over, and about, so as to ascertain with accuracy how fine and spongy and resisting it should be. Then it was tucked away in a warm bowl nicely greased, and covered with a square of snowy linen barred with red lines, and a soft thin blanket, which hid the bowl and its precious contents entirely from view.

“In three hours,” said Miss Knight, “this dough will be fully risen, and if any of you care to return at that time, and remain a couple of hours, you can have the satisfaction of seeing the bread we have made in our lesson, baked and ready for the table.”

“I shall be here for one,” observed Sophie Southgate, “and now enter a claim for at least a portion of a loaf.”

“And I, and I, and I,” was the unanimous response to Sophie’s jocular application.

The pupils were all at the school room by the appointed time. Not a member of the class was absent or tardy. And as they laid aside their hats and parasols, and the various articles of embroidery they had brought with them, and gathered eagerly about the table,

Miss Lucy brought forth the bowl that had been tucked away so snugly in the morning, and exhibited it to them. The dough completely filled it.

“I now wish to call your attention,” she began, “to several points that indicate quite accurately the proper lightness of dough. This batch, as the quantity of dough mixed at one time is called, which did not more than half fill the bowl when we put it aside this morning, has doubled in size, and now fills it to the brim. The dough is soft you will observe, yet very elastic. When I press it slightly with my finger the indentation almost instantly disappears. And it is so aerated, that when I lift the bowl the dough seems scarcely to add to the weight of the bowl. When a batch of dough has doubled in size, is so elastic that indentations made in it will quickly disappear, and is so aerated that when lifted in the hand it seems to add scarcely any weight to the bowl or pan containing it, you may safely conclude it is light enough to be formed into loaves or rolls. And notice how beautifully round and full this is. The rounding up of dough in rising, whether in a batch or a loaf is a sign of its excellence. If a loaf of bread in rising remains flat on top—or comes up no higher in the middle than at the edges, there is something wrong with the dough, and the bread will not be of the best quality. This imperfect rising may be due to several causes—to damaged or inferior flour, to over heating the dough, to mixing it too soft, or to using poor yeast. Some people attribute it to luck. But there is no such thing as luck in bread making. The quality of bread that can be produced from any given quality of material when properly manipulated, can be foretold with almost mathematical precision by an intelligent bread maker, and there will never be a failure in bread making, if the materials are all of a good quality and the proper conditions are complied with.”

After sifting a small quantity of flour upon the table she carefully removed the light, elastic dough from the bowl and placed it upon the flour.

“Now,” she continued “you see the advantage of greasing the bowl before putting dough in it to rise. None of this dough sticks to the bowl, neither does any of it adhere to my fingers.”

With a gentle rolling motion she brought the mass of dough, as it lay upon the table, into an oblong shape and with a sharp knife cut it into five pieces, each of which she deftly folded and rolled into the form most suitable for bread pans four inches in depth,

four in width, and ten or twelve in length. After the loaves were placed in the pans which had been previously greased, they were ranged side by side on the table, and Miss Lucy then dipped a brush in a little melted butter and lightly brushed the top of each loaf.

"Why do you grease the bread after putting it in the pans?" asked Sophie.

"Grease," replied Miss Lucy, as she covered the loaves with a bread towel and a flannel blanket, "keeps the surface of the dough soft, and prevents it from becoming crusted while rising. "But as yet," she continued, "I have said nothing about temperature. It is quite important in bread making that, during the entire process, the ferment, sponge, and dough should be kept at the proper temperature—should not be allowed to get too warm or too cold. The temperature should also be kept as even as possible at every stage of bread making."

"What," asked one of the pupils, "is the proper temperature?"

"From 70° to 80° is the best temperature," was Miss Lucy's reply. "But in very cold weather the wetting for bread should be used somewhat warmer, and in hot weather somewhat cooler. In winter care must be taken to keep bread in a warm place while rising, and in summer it is often necessary to find a cool place for it. But in no season should you let it rise over, or near a stove or range, where the warmth will be unequal."

"Mother uses tin pans for mixing bread," said a pupil who appeared engrossed with the subject, "are they not better than these heavy bowls?"

"The very reverse," replied the teacher. "When bread is put to rise in these bowls—if they are warm and well covered—it will be much better protected from atmospheric changes and kept at a more even temperature, than it can be in tin pans."

"How long will these loaves require to rise before they are ready for baking?" asked another pupil.

"An hour is the appointed time," replied the teacher, "but as fermentation is hastened or retarded by changes of temperature, it sometimes requires a shorter, and sometimes a longer period. The length of time is also affected by the quality of the flour and yeast. I think the limit to-day will be an hour."

As the clock struck eleven Miss Lucy examined the loaves, and discovered they had risen nearly to the rim of the pans, they were then passed from hand to hand that the indications of perfect light-

ness which had been mentioned as characteristics of good dough, and evidences of good flour, might be observed and tested. None of them were lacking. They filled the bill completely, and were pronounced satisfactory in every respect.

"But," asked one of the girls, "can bread get too light?"

"A great many people fancy it can not," replied Miss Lucy. "But when bread is allowed to get too light it becomes coarse-grained, and loses much of its nutriment, and most of the fine nutty flavor that good bread always possesses."

Before putting the loaves to bake, Miss Lucy called the attention of her pupils to the temperature of the oven which she said was an important factor in bread making, as a great deal of bread was spoiled by being put to bake in an oven either too hot, or not hot enough. "If," she continued, "on opening the oven door suddenly, a puff of hot air rushes out, it may be safely assumed that the oven is about right for baking. Tested by that rule our oven appears to be hot enough. Let us try another test and see if it be not too hot, and she threw a half teaspoonful of flour on the bottom of the oven and closed the door. In two minutes she opened it and found the flour nicely browned. "This shows the heat to be just right. if the oven had been too hot for baking bread perfectly, the flour would have browned in one minute, and then burned, or turned black. If it had not been hot enough it would have taken three minutes at least to brown the flour."

"But if the oven should be too hot when bread is put to bake, or should afterward get too hot, would it not be easy to reduce the temperature by leaving the door ajar?" asked a pupil.

"Opening the oven door," said Miss Lucy, "would certainly reduce the temperature of the oven, but would also be likely to ruin the bread. Never resort to such a remedy. Put a small basin or vessel containing cold water into the oven, and the heat will be lessened instantly without damage to the bread."

When the bread had been in the oven fifteen minutes the teacher opened the door, changed the position of some of the loaves, and called the attention of the class to the faint tinge of golden brown that was beginning to appear on them. Fifty minutes passed. The faint brown tinge had deepened and spread all over the loaves. Miss Lucy removed them from the pans, and as she placed each loaf upon the palm of her hand, and held it there an instant, she said "A loaf of bread that can be held on the palm of the hand without

burning it, is well baked. A loaf that emits a hollow sound when tapped upon the bottom with the fingers, may also be considered sufficiently done; but an unfailing test of thorough baking is the apparent lightness of the loaf when lifted and tossed in the hand. The slightest feeling of heaviness in a loaf of bread is adequate evidence that it has not been sufficiently baked and needs to be instantly returned to the oven and baked ten or fifteen minutes more.”

When the five lovely loaves had been removed from the pans and placed on a net work of wire before an open window to cool, they were so evenly browned, so regular in form, so delicious in fragrance, and so perfectly beautiful in every respect that Sophie declared she would never consent to have such specimens spoiled by being cut while warm, and that she would relinquish her claim to any portion of them until the next day, and hoped the other claimants would do the same. They all cheerfully consented to do so after hearing Sophie’s eloquent plea, and then unanimously resolved that their first lesson in bread making had been an eminent success.

CHAPTER V.

BURIED BAKERIES.

The next morning Miss Lucy came near being late at school, from lingering at the breakfast table to listen to an interesting description of an ancient Pompeiian bakery given by an enthusiastic antiquarian, who chanced to be visiting at Tom Knight's.

"The old Greeks and Romans had a thousand luxuries of which we know nothing," remarked the antiquarian, spreading a thin slice of white bread with honey and then taking a bite out of it large enough to indicate that he appreciated at least one of the luxuries of this degenerate age. "Ah, those were the days when men lived."

He handed up his cup for more coffee, and while his eyes wandered over the bright silver and snowy drapery of the breakfast table, he shook his head in sympathy for the present generation.

"Now in the matter of bread," put in Mrs. Knight, "I suppose the ancients were much better off than we are. But really, I can not conceive—I really can not—how flour could possibly be made whiter than our last barrel of Orange Blossom, or bread sweeter than this. But I suppose these things must have been done, as we are so far behind the ancients in everything else."

She held a lump of sugar suspended over a coffee cup, waiting for the antiquarian to endorse her remarks, as usual, with incidents of modern inferiority.

But he was slow to speak; he crammed his mouth full of bread and honey, and fell to counting the squares in the damask table cloth.

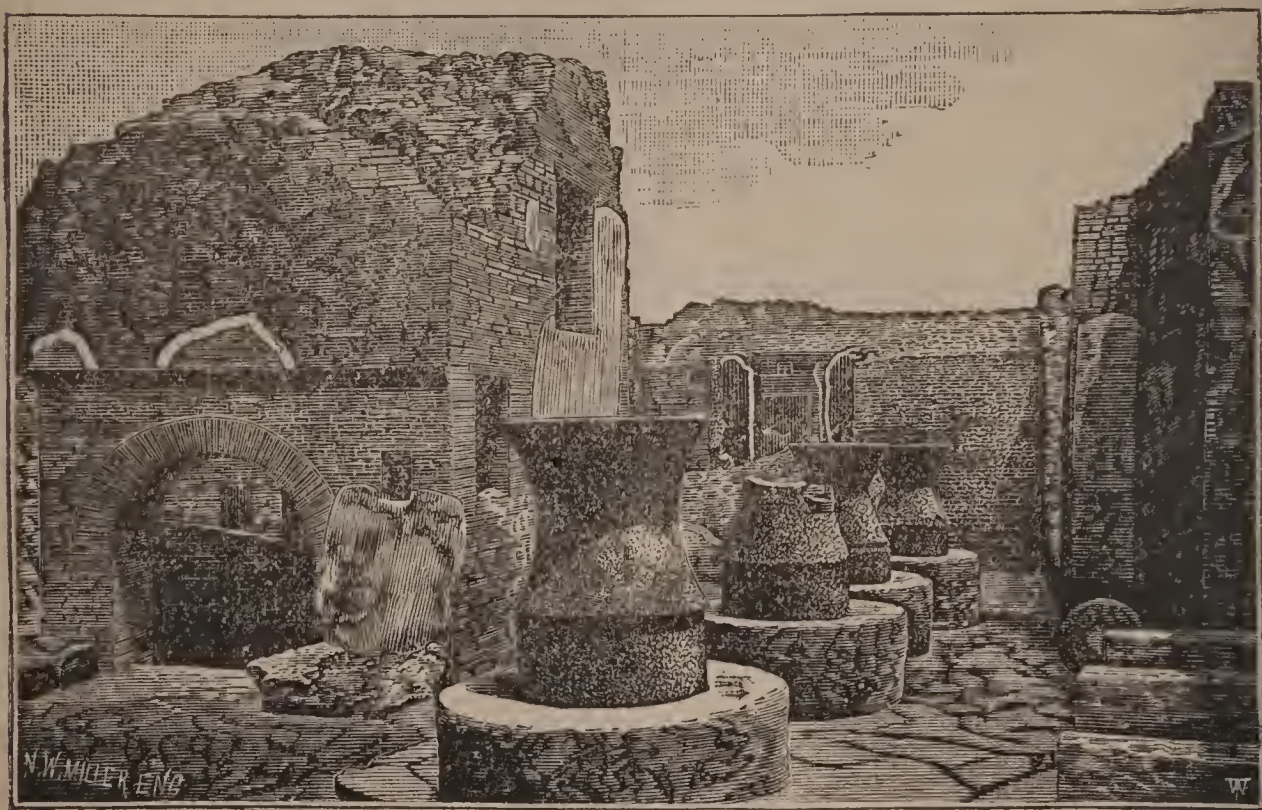
"I say the ancients probably had much finer bread than we have," persisted Mrs. Knight; "am I right?"

"Well,—ah—um. I am afraid—. Sarah" (turning to a maid who had just deposited the morning's mail on a side table) "step into my room, and bring me the photographs in the top drawer of my bureau."

When the photographs came, the antiquarian made a confession of modern superiority, perhaps for the first time in his life.

"No," he said, decisively, "we are far in advance in the matter of bread making. Theirs was a higher degree of civilization; they made finer pictures, more noble statuary; were farther advanced than are we in architectural art; but they could not make flour or bread. This photograph was taken in Pompeii, a couple of years since and represents one of the best flour mills and bakeries of that age, as it stands uncovered to-day."

He handed the photograph (a copy of which is here reproduced)



across the table, and proceeded to explain it, premising his explanation with the statement:

"Pompeii, before it was buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, was Rome and Athens in miniature. It had all the luxuries of both cities, perfumed baths, paintings, statuary, sumptuous garments, and all the pleasures of the table known in that age. Hence we may rely upon it that this mill and bakery is a fair model of the best known in olden times.

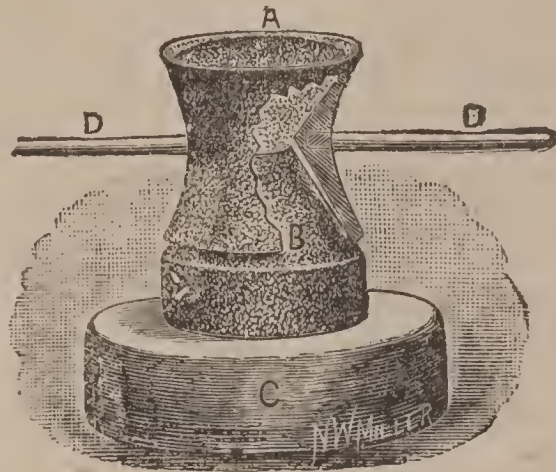
In the first place, you must know that the miller and the baker of those days was generally one and the same individual. He ground his wheat, and baked it into bread in the same room.

"Won't you explain the photograph," said Sophie, "what are those four objects that look like dice boxes?"

"In our photograph, the four cylindrical shapes, to the right, are mills; the room, with arched doors to the left, is the oven. In

order that you may understand how the mills ground wheat, it will be necessary for you to keep your eye on this sectional drawing of a single mill, while I talk."

He produced the cut printed below, and in his enthusiasm forgot his bread and honey; forgot his rapidly cooling coffee; forgot everything but Pompeii and its whilom buried bakeries.



"The base of the mill marked "C," is a cylindrical stone, about five feet in diameter and two feet high. Upon this, forming part of the same block, is a conical projection, also about two feet high, marked "B." Upon this there rests another block, "A," externally resembling a dice box, internally an hour glass, being shaped like two hollow cones with their vertices toward each other, the lower one fitting over the cone "B," the upper one being open at the mouth and serving as a hopper. The grain was poured in at the mouth; the dice box "A" was then revolved, by means of the wooden handles "D" (which of course were burned away when Pompeii was engulfed by fire, eighteen hundred years ago, but have been added in the cut), and the grain was ground between the inner surface of the box, and the outer surface of the cone "B," working its way, by degrees, to the bottom and falling out through the grooved channel cut in the stone, onto the broad base.

The whole mill stands some six feet high, and is made of volcanic stone, which of course became gradually worn away in the process of milling and contributed not a little grit to the flour. You can imagine what this flour was—dark, full of wheat beards, bran husks, grit from the mills and dirt of all kinds. And yet it was the best flour known to a people whose works of art are studied to advantage by our greatest artists.

The mills were generally turned by hand, mostly by slaves, of whom every Pompeiian of any station possessed a number. The

slaves were often women, and it requires but a little stretch of imagination for us, with this picture before us, to see in our mind's eye the old mill in operation—eight weary women trudging about in a circle, each with the wooden mill handle before her; the busy baker gathering up the flour as it fell onto the slabs, kneading it into bread, and thrusting the bread into the ovens by means of long-handled wooden paddles.

In one part of Rome the use of water wheels superceded hand power in some of the flour mills, shortly after the date of our picture, and Antipater of Thessalonica congratulated the women slaves upon their release from the drudgedy in these words: 'Set not your hands to the mill, O women that turn the millstones! Sleep sound, though the cock's crow announce the dawn, for Ceres has charged the nymphs with the labors which employed your arms; these, dashing from the summit of a wheel, make its axle revolve, which by the help of moving radii, sets in action the weight of four hollow mills. We taste anew the life of the first men since we have learned to enjoy without fatigue the produce of ceres.'

In the museum at Naples, they have several loaves of bread taken from this very oven in our picture, some of them are much burned and blackened, while others look perfectly natural, as though they had been baked but yesterday. If you will bake a loaf of rye bread in a round vegetable dish, about eight inches in diameter, and score the top with lines and figures, you will have a pretty fair imitation of a loaf of Pompeiian bread.

Some of the flour also, was found in one of the mills, after the ashes had been carefully removed by the excavators. Much of it was reduced to a cinder; but in the centre some lumps of whitish matter resembling chalk remained, which when wetted and placed on a red hot iron gave out the peculiar odor of burning flour.

Speaking of Naples and the museum there, reminds me of the fact that to this day there are hundreds of flour mills in Italy which are turned by hand."

"And the flour how does it compare with ours?"

The antiquarian shrugged his shoulders. "It is not flour, it is only meal," he said. "In this thing we lead the world, and will continue to do so, so long as enterprise among our millers, is encouraged and the hard wheats of Minnesota retain their present excellence."

CHAPTER VI.

LUCY'S WHIM.

Lucy Knight graduated at a western University with distinguished honors, and her father who was a wealthy banker, fancied she would quietly nestle down in the soft palm of society, and wait for some respectable young man to come along and offer her a career. But life was full of meaning for Lucy, and seemed so crowded with splendid possibilities that every fibre of her being revolted at the idea of frittering away valuable years in such an indolent condition of existence. And when she read an account of the School of Domestic Economy at Ames, she at once resolved to take the course, and qualify herself for teaching that important branch of science. The need of better cookery and a higher order of house work was so apparent to her, that had she been actuated by mercenary motives alone, she would have taken hold of this neglected industry as a profitable pecuniary enterprise, as an occupation in which money could be earned as readily and rapidly as in any other to which a woman could turn her attention. But her individuality asserted itself so forcibly in the desire to improve the average home that she would have devoted her energies to the task even as mission work, rather than have led the conventional life of inactivity young women in her position are accustomed to lead.

Her father's conservative turn of mind induced him to think "Lucy's whim," as he termed his daughter's expressed desire to obtain a diploma from the new school at Ames, would terminate with a slight acquaintance with the household arts and he raised no objection to her prospect as he was willing to acquiesce in any of her wishes that did not outrage the social proprieties. But he was considerably disappointed as time rolled on, and his daughter's ardor in the study of home economics increased, and her interest in fashionable frivolities decreased proportionately. And although really not displeased, he had not sufficient moral courage, to urge her to press on and perfect herself in the various branches of her chosen profession. His brother Tom, however, who was "running an orange ranch" as he insisted on designating his orange growing

operations in Florida, was such an enthusiast on the subject of cookery and housekeeping that the moment he heard of his niece going to work to make a practical study of domestic economy, he sat down and wrote her a long letter, entreating her to go on earnestly in the prosecution of her studies and qualify herself as a practical housekeeper, and as a teacher of all the household arts. "The time," he wrote "is ripe for such instruction in the South. A number of ladies in this immediate neighborhood will give you a hearty welcome. Your aunt Carrie is enlisted for life in the crusade for better cookery. And if you will send me a design for a model school building, adapted to instruction in either cookery or general household science, I will show my faith in the cause, and my devotion to it, by having the building in readiness for you. I will go even further and promise to have a sufficient number of pupils for a class, ready to receive instructions from you the week after your arrival."

Tom Knight was a marvelously energetic fellow, and whenever he undertook anything he carried it to a successful termination. His "orange ranch" so engrossed his time and attention that a ten years residence in the south had not destroyed a jot of his western go-ahead liveness, and when the scheme of raising a class to take cookery lessons, and of building a house in which the lessons should be given flashed upon his restless and fertile brain he seized it with a resolute grip, and "pushed things" until the vague and shadowy scheme had been wrought into a substantial fact, an accomplished reality. The correspondence between Lucy and her uncle continued uninterruptedly until she obtained her diploma as Mistress of Household Science, and she then according to arrangement went to visit uncle Tom, and to open the cooking school in Florida.

"This morning" said Miss Knight, as she took her position by the table, "I propose making bread by a somewhat different process from that of yesterday; a process that shortens the usual limit of making and baking a batch of bread about one half, and reduces the amount of labor considered indispensable for bread making to the minimum; a process that always produces sweet, delicious bread, and is pronounced by those who have given it an unprejudiced trial the best method for making bread yet discovered. This compressed yeast, which I received from Cincinnati by express last night, I shall use in the lesson to-day," and she exhibited several cakes of yeast wrapped in tin foil. And then as she removed the wrapping

from one of them, and crumbled the yeast into a bowl, she continued, "a safe general rule for making bread with Orange Blossom flour when compressed yeast is used, is to dissolve an ounce cake of the yeast and a teaspoonful of salt, in a quart of lukewarm wetting, to gradually work in flour until the dough is of a sufficient consistency to be turned or lifted from the bowl in a mass, and then to knead, adding flour as desired, until it can be worked without sticking to the board or the fingers. Whenever it becomes stiff enough to work without sticking, it should be put in a greased earthen bowl of the proper temperature, have the surface lightly brushed with melted butter, be covered with bread towel and blanket and set in a warm place till light, which will be in about three hours. It should then be formed into loaves or rolls, put in greased pans, covered as before, and again set to rise for an hour, or until light, and then baked.

For making bread by this method, the length of time required, from the moment the ingredients are stirred together until the loaves come from the oven, thoroughly baked, rarely exceeds five hours, and is frequently an hour less, while the necessary kneading can be performed with a comparatively trifling amount of labor. Yesterday I used no salt in mixing the dough, to-day I added a teaspoonful; but you will remember that in preparing the yeast yesterday I added an ounce of salt. And that I consider a sufficient amount of salt for the bread that can be made from the quantity of yeast then prepared. Some people add salt to the ferment at every baking. I add none when using home-made yeast, and only a small quantity when using compressed yeast. Salt destroys the fine flavor of bread, and also acts as a check upon fermentation. Much bread is impaired by salt, and equally as much by sugar and grease. Use the former very sparingly. Avoid the two latter entirely. The old adage says 'good wine needs no bush,' and it can be said with equal truthfulness, good flour and yeast need no sugar or grease, and but little salt."

"You gave us the test of good flour yesterday," interrupted a pupil, "will you not now give us the test of good yeast?"

"Good yeast," replied the teacher, "consists of cells that germinate in the sponge at a certain temperature. But the purity, strength and comparative character of different varieties of yeast can only be ascertained by chemical and microscopic examinations.

The sour, flat loaf, and flinty crust are, however, always the products of diseased ferments, and whenever these evidences of degradation are observed, the yeast should be thrown away. It is more difficult to recognize good yeast than good flour. But there is generally little trouble in procuring either. Fleischmann & Co. alone—without mentioning the numerous other manufacturers—have 600 wagons and 600 agents engaged delivering their compressed yeast in the United States and Canada; and the St. Paul Roller Mill Co. is introducing the Orange Blossom flour into every neighborhood as rapidly as circumstances will permit.”

The teacher paused a moment, stepped to a table concealed by a dainty white curtain, and uncovered a row of sheet iron pans about fifteen inches in length, two inches in diameter, and semi-circular, or half round, in form. “These small roll pans,” she said, “contain dough that was mixed with compressed yeast four hours ago. I molded it into rolls and placed them in these pans not quite an hour since, but as they are beautifully light, and the oven is at the proper temperature I will now put them to bake. In twenty five minutes they will be baked thoroughly, and will be so crisp and crusty that they can be eaten warm, even by dyspeptics.”

“In what respect,” asked Sophie Southgate, “does the famous Vienna bread differ from the bread made yesterday and to day?”

“In none whatever,” replied the teacher. “The bread you have received instruction in making is genuine Vienna bread, made according to the recipe given by Prof. Horsford, who was sent to Vienna by our government to learn the method of making it. It is, however, much superior to the Vienna bread sold in most of our cities as it is less tough, has a more delicate flavor, and retains its rich, nutty taste for several days.

“Does it not injure the dough to let it lie after kneading it?” asked a pupil.

“On the contrary I think dough is improved by resting,” replied Miss Lucy, as she drew the batch which she had laid aside toward her again, detached a piece from it a piece large enough for an ordinary size loaf and separated it into a dozen irregular pieces about half an inch in thickness. “And now,” she continued, “I will give you instructions in making imperial rolls. I take separately each of these pieces, in my left hand, and slightly stretch with the thumb and forefinger of my right hand one of the irregular points over my left thumb toward the centre of the roll. I repeat

this operation, turning the piece of dough as it proceeds, each time lifting my thumb and gently pressing it upon the last fold until all the points have been drawn in, when I turn the roll face downward in the pan to rise. If the folding is properly done an imperial roll when baked, will be composed of a succession of sheets or layers of delicate tenacious crumb surrounded with a thin crisp crust."

Each roll was manipulated in the same manner, and when the last one was placed in the pan the teacher quickly shaped the balance of the dough into French rolls similar to those she had put to bake, and laying them tenderly in their respective pans, set them aside to rise. As the time allotted to the baking had expired Miss Lucy opened the oven door, and the eyes of her pupils sparkled with astonishment as the slender brown beauties were slipped one after another from the pans, and ranged side by side upon the table. She then informed the class that such bread was more delicious when eaten fresh, and on account of its being so perfectly baked and so extremely crusty, was as wholesome even when warm as ordinary loaf bread when a day old. But little argument was required to convince the pupils of this fact, and each member of the class left the school room the possessor of a cake of compressed yeast, a french roll pan, and one of the rolls baked during the morning lesson.

CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER FROM FLORIDA

Grandmother Perkins had received several letters from Sophie since she had been in the south. And as she wrote in a cheerful vein, and always spoke of her improved health the old lady concluded her granddaughter had gotten rid of the advanced ideas she held on the food question, and felt rather sorry for the change. For after she and Sophie had had the discussion about the school of domestic economy, the old lady had given the subject more thought than she had ever done before, and concluded there might be a great deal of truth in the views her granddaughter had advocated. It was at least becoming quite interesting to her, and whatever she saw in the papers and magazines that had a bearing upon the question, she read with avidity. One day she read in a Boston paper a letter from Florida, giving a graphic description of a cooking school recently opened at Tom's Ranch in that state by a handsome and cultured young heiress from Minnesota, and stating that the ladies for miles around were fairly wild about making bread with Orange Blossom flour and compressed yeast, according to the method taught in the cooking school, and that the cooking craze was spreading over the state. Grandmother Perkins looked in vain for the location of the cooking school on the map. "Tom's Ranch" being merely a local cognomen for Tom Knight's orange plantation, and she finally determined to send the paper containing the letter to Sophie, and ask her if she had heard anything of the young heiress and the new cooking school. Before she had time, however to carry her resolution into effect, she received another letter from Sophie; and this was the letter:—

DEAR GRANDMA: I am growing better every day, in fact, I haven't been so well since I was a little girl as I am now. And I attribute the change in my health mainly to the change in my diet. The change of climate and scenery no doubt did me good—at least I felt better for several weeks after I came South, than I did when I left home—but the food, especially the bread that I was obliged to eat was so horrid I soon lost all I had gained. To tell the real truth, grandma, the cooking in this part of the South is just as bad as it is in New England. They don't have cookies and fried cakes and such things for tea here every day, as we do at home. But then they have a great many articles of food that are not a bit better or healthier. For instance they have

some kind of warm bread for breakfast every morning—generally wretched, red hot, half baked soda, or baking powder biscuit. They have taken a new departure, however, at the house of the lady where I am boarding, and our bread is now of the very best quality—perfectly delicious—made with Orange Blossom flour, Fleischmann's compressed yeast and according to the formula used in the Iowa School of Domestic Economy. We have French rolls, crescents and about a dozen other kinds of bread fresh baked, or re-warmed, that look so beautiful, smell so fragrant and taste so delicious it is a real comfort to have them on the table, and I am always glad now when meal time comes. The varieties of bread we have are all just lovely. And the rolls are so crusty and nutty flavored that I can eat them at every meal, warm or cold, according to fancy, and enjoy them as I never enjoyed bread before; and when I leave the table, I don't feel oppressed or uncomfortable in any way, or don't have a nasty taste in my mouth, as I always do after eating baking powder buscuit, and the ordinary run of light bread. Why grandma, would you believe it, I've actually gained five pounds since I've had good bread to eat. And if I keep on gaining flesh as I've been doing lately, I expect in a short time I'll be what Aunt Hepziba would call "quite corpulent." I know you'll be astonished to hear there is a cooking school about half a mile from our house, at Tom's Ranch—the funny name given to a large orange plantation owned by Mr. Tom Knight, a whole souled gentlemen so much interested in having housekeeping and cookery lifted out of the atmosphere of ignorance, and placed among the intelligent sciences, that he has built and fitted up a school room at his own expense. And his niece Miss Lucy Knight, the daughter of a wealthy Minnesota banker, a graduate of a western university and also of the Iowa School of Domestic Economy, is the teacher. She is one of the sweetest and handsomest girls I ever met, has a very large class at the new school, and we pupils—I am one of them—are all in love with her. I had no idea house work was anything but drudgery until I heard Miss Knight discuss it, and now it seems to me to be one of the most interesting and attractive branches of study. I find something new and suggestive in it every day. As for bread making, that is such a perfect pleasure, I could easily spend half my time experimenting with yeast and flour, and dabbling in dough. I help the girls where I board make bread and rolls, etc., three or four times a week and never tire of the work. Many of the ladies in this neighborhood who have been keeping house twenty five years, say they never dreamed there could be such difference in the quality of bread as there is between what they used to eat, and what they have now, and that they learned more about bread from Miss Knight in a single lesson than they learned from cook books in all their lives before. If I sent you a manual on "Bread and Bread Making," giving complete instructions for making various kinds of bread, rolls, etc., and one of the pans we bake French rolls in, I know you would never use either, so I will let you wait till my return home for them; but to-morrow or next day I intend sending you by mail a specimen of the French rolls that I eat with impunity and enjoy so much—and that we cooking school pupils call the "staff of life," "little brown beauties" and such pet names. Affectionately,

SOPHIE.

P. S.—Col. Frank Mayo from Boston is down here on some land buying enterprise. He and several other gentlemen from the North are interested in

the project, and he is acting as agent for the concern and will remain in Florida several months perhaps. The ladies connected with the cooking school are going to have a picnic in a short time—or rather Mr. Tom Knight is going to get up a picnic—and the cooking school pupils are to prepare the entertainment. Col. Mayo, and quite a number of other gentlemen will be present, and we are all anticipating a pleasant day in the range groves.

P. S. No. 2.—You needn't think because my letter is mainly about bread and rolls, and twists and so on, that I have spent all my time at cooking school mixing plain bread dough; and to convince you that such is not the fact I have copied from my note book a few receipts that you can give to any of the neighbors who wish to try them. They have all been thoroughly tested at the cooking school and approved by teacher and pupils.

FEDERAL BREAD.

Beat two eggs with a pint of water in which half an ounce of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt have been dissolved, and gradually stir in a pound and a quarter of Orange Blossom flour, then add a tablespoonful of creamed butter, put into a pan and let rise. When baked, slice it all the way through, into half inch slices, butter generously and replace until the loaf resumes its original shape. Serve hot. This is a favorite bread for either breakfast or tea in some parts of the South. It is sometimes called Sally Lunn and sometimes Washington's breakfast bread. Sugar is added frequently, and the receipt often varied in other respects.

DOUGH NUTS.

Sift three pints of Orange Blossom flour into a pan. Make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of sugar, a gill of buttermilk or thick sour milk, two eggs, two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of soda, and flavoring to taste. Mix these ingredients well together, into a very smooth dough, roll out, cut into form, and fry in boiling lard.

CREAM CRACKERS.

Sift together a quart of Orange Blossom flour and a teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda. Work into a dough with a teacup of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of butter, roll thin, cut into form, and bake in a quick oven. After the crackers are baked let them dry on the back part of the stove.

FLANNEL CAKES.

Dissolve a cake of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of warm water, stir in three pints of Orange Blossom flour and corn meal mixed in equal proportions, let rise till light, then bake on a griddle.

MUFFINS.

Beat thoroughly together a quart of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two quarts of Orange Blossom flour. Bake in muffin rings or puff pans in a quick oven.

NOTIONS.

Work together, into a soft dough, a pint of Orange Blossom flour a tablespoonful of salt, two ounces of butter or lard and the requisite quantity of sweet milk. Roll very thin, cut into cakes about four inches in diameter and bake in a hot oven till a bright brown.

Grandmother Perkins had a shrewd suspicion, when she read Sophie's letter, that the visit of Col. Mayo to the south was not altogether for the purpose of buying land, and that it probably had as beneficial an effect upon Sophie's health as Florida air or cooking school bread. But the old lady never ventured a remark on the subject of her suspicions as she and the neighbors gossiped about the receipts Sophie had so kindly sent, or discussed the propriety of having some grocer in the neighborhood procure, and keep on sale, both Orange Blossom flour and compressed yeast. The receipt of the roll by mail, however a few days after the letter, so increased Mrs. Perkins' interest in cookery that she made haste to reply to Sophie's letter, and urge her to send without delay one of the roll pans and a copy of the manual on Bread and Bread Making.

CHAPTER VIII.

PURELY PASTRY.

“As pastry and pie is the subject of our lesson to-day” said Miss Knight, as the class assembled, I do not know that I can preface our exercises with anything more appropriate than a quotation from a lecture of Mrs. Ewing, which I find in a newspaper. She says: ‘In spite of lachrymal lamentations about the unhealthfulness of pie, and dreary diatribes on the indigestibility of pastry, it has not been satisfactorily established that any more dyspepsia lurks in the average pie than in the average pancake, breakfast roll, or baking powder biscuit. And no hygienist has yet shown that pie properly made, perfectly baked, and judiciously eaten, is not superior in all respects to any of these articles, even at their best estate.

Pie analytically considered, is certainly harmless. Why should it when synthetically accepted, be deleterious to health? If the flour, the butter, the water, the fruit, the vegetables, the meat, or the other ingredients of which it is composed, are separately nutritious and wholesome, why should they when properly compounded into into a savory admixture, and built up into a toothsome pie, become at once innutritious and harmful. There is evidently ‘a missing link’ somewhere in the logical chain of the anti-pie people, and I think I voice the sentiments of a large constituency, in saying that pies properly made, are as digestible and healthful as any of the ordinary articles of diet.”

Putting down the paper from which she read, Miss Lucy uncovered one of the tables and proceeded to work and talk: “To make puff paste use three quarters of a pound of butter to each pound of flour. Spread a napkin in a pan of cold water, put the butter in the napkin and work with the hand until pliable and waxy, being careful to keep the napkin between the hand and the butter. Bring the butter into a compact roll and flatten to about half an inch in thickness. Reserve one eighth for mixing with the flour. Mix the flour and the reserved portion of the butter with cold water, to a stiff, smooth paste, and work it well with the finger tips for about fifteen minutes, or until it ceases to stick to the board, then roll it into a circular form about an inch in thickness. Lay the butter in

the centre, fold over the dough so as to enclose the butter and leave the paste rectangular in shape. Roll till reduced to three quarters of an inch in thickness. Fold over twice, and roll down as before. Repeat this operation six times more. Fold again twice, and lay it in a cool place for at least half an hour. At the end of that time it can be rolled into any required thickness, cut in any form desired and baked."

The teacher's manipulations had kept place with her instructions, and folding the paste as stated in the lesson, she laid it aside, and continued her remarks. "A great deal of nonsense has been written and published about a marble slab, a glass rolling pin and old process, pastry flour being indispensable for the proper preparation of puff paste; and the general impression is that one must be equipped with costly apparatus, and have a peculiar kind of flour for making the paste, with unlimited pans of ice for packing it in every few minutes during the operation, etc., etc. Life is too short to refute all the absurd things that have been written on the subject of puff paste, it is in fact, almost too short to go through with its preparation according to the specific rules given in some cook books. A marble slab, a glass rolling pin and plenty of ice are very convenient when preparing puff paste, but are not indispensable. For making puff paste of the finest quality, the only requisite, if supplemented by skillful rolling and folding of the dough, are, a smooth molding board, a good rolling pin, cold water, a cool room, choice butter, and flour of the best quality. The best of pastry, like the best of bread, can always be made of the finest grade of roller mill flour—and in puff paste, as in bread, Orange Blossom flour always gives satisfactory results."

"How many layers of this paste" eagerly inquired half a dozen pupils, "do you put in a patty, or vol-au-vent?"

"A patty" replied Miss Knight, "should be composed of but a single layer of puff paste; but that layer, if the paste is properly made, contains about 2300 thin sheets of dough separated by butter, and should in baking puff, or rise up, from four to seven times its original thickness—as you will see when we bake this—and any paste that does not so rise in the baking, is poor, course stuff, unworthy the name of puff paste."

"But puff paste is not used in making crusts for ordinary pies, is it?" asked Sophie Southgate.

“O no,” replied the teacher, “it is generally used only on special occasions, and for special purposes. A choice and delicate pie crust, that most people prefer to puff paste, is made with a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of lard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little cold water, and in this manner. Put the flour on the molding board, spread the butter and lard through it in flakes, moisten with the water, draw into a heap, dust over with flour, and roll out tenderly. Fold and roll out two or three times, and lay aside till you are ready to use it. Or, if ready: take a little more than the fourth for one crust. Flour the board and dough, and roll to the size required. Place upon the tin or dish, shaping to the same, and cut off around the edge with a sharp knife. If you wish to make an apple pie, fill with eights, or smaller pieces, of pared tart apples, roll an upper crust and lay over them, trim around the edge as before, press the crusts together very lightly, and bake in a quick oven. While the pie is baking, melt together in a small stew pan two or three ounces of sugar, a small piece of butter and the juice of an orange, or some grated pineapple, and when the pie is taken from the oven, slip it to the plate on which it is to be served, lift off the upper crust, pour the seasoning over the apples and replace the crust. In an hour it will be at its best and as delicious a pie as any one can desire. Nearly all kinds of fruit pies can be made in this manner, and may be seasoned or left unseasoned according to fancy. Instead of filling this crust with apples or other fruit before baking, I shall fill it with a very different material,” and taking several pieces of soft white linen Miss Lucy put them in her pie, rolled an upper crust and laid it over them, then proceeded to make another pie, which she filled in a similar manner, of the remaining dough. A full half hour having elapsed since the puff paste had been laid aside, she placed it on the molding board, rolled it into a sheet somewhat less than an eighth of an inch in thickness, from which she cut a dozen or more circular and diamond shaped cakes, and arranging them on a baking tin, put them and the linen-filled pies into the oven.

“With paste, or pastry, or pie crust, whichever you choose to call it,” continued Miss Lucy after the short interruption, “made according to the two methods, illustrated in our lesson to-day all sorts of pies, puddings, tarts, patties, vol-au-vents, etc., etc., can be made; and the paste or crust can be used in deep or shallow pans or dishes and readily adapted to the various purposes for which it is needed,

by being rolled thick or thin. And the material with which the paste or crust is to be filled can be prepared according to receipts given in different cook books; or these receipts can be modified and changed to suit the taste and fancy. The famous English meat, and fruit pies, are made in deep dishes with side and top crusts only, and the almost equally famous New England pandowdy, which is composed of sliced apples and New Orleans molasses, is made in a similar manner. Pie making like bread making, is governed by certain general principles, and when these are thoroughly understood there is no difficulty whatever in making every imaginary description and variety of pie. And as the demand for this seemingly indispensable article of diet is rapidly on the increase, no intelligent housekeeper can afford to be ignorant in regard to the methods of making it.

The pastry, after remaining in the oven twenty five minutes, was taken out, beautifully baked. The two pies, from which the top crusts were gently removed and the linen rags taken out, preparatory to being filled with prepared fruit, were perfect specimens of flaky pie crust. And the puff paste patty cases, having risen in the oven to the utmost limit—seven times their original thickness—seemed to vie in delicacy and fragrance with the blossoms of the adjacent orange groves. So after satisfactorily examining the results of the lesson, it was decided by the class, without a dissenting voice, that puff paste patty and linen pie, should both have places on the picnic bill of fare.

CHAPTER IX.

A RETURN TO DOUGH.

It was Tuesday. The picnic was to take place in a lovely orange grove the following Saturday. And as the previous week had been devoted mainly to lessons on salads, jellied meats, boned fowls and other things specially suitable for picnics and parties, all of which had been well patronized, there was a larger attendance than usual to-day. Several gentlemen, among them Col. Frank Mayo, whom Miss Knight met for the first time that morning, were also loitering about the school room. But as they were only escorts of some of the ladies, they accepted Tom Knight's invitation to smoke a good cigar and visit the grove where the picnic was to be held, while the ladies went through the lesson.

"To return to our dough," said Miss Lucy as she called the vivacious class to order, "instead of to 'our muttons' as the French would put it, the first thing on the programme is

ORANGE BLOSSOM MUFFINS.

From this batch of bread dough, made with Orange Blossom flour and compressed yeast in the manner taught you, I pull off the desired number of pieces and shape them into circular cakes half an inch thick and about four inches in diameter. This dough which has stood three hours is thoroughly light, and I will let the cakes stand on a baking sheet till they again rise, and will then bake them on a griddle. They should bake slowly and when done will have a light brown ring in the centre, but will look white. These muffins resemble English muffins, and are sold as such in some cities, but the real English muffin which is somewhat different, is seldom seen in this country. The Orange Blossom muffin is nice for picnics and parties where you have a fire, as they can be toasted readily and buttered, and are then very delicious."

"O I dote on English muffins," said a young lady who had recently returned from Europe, "we used to have such lovely ones at some hotels in England. Tell us please how they are made."

“So few people in this country have ever seen or know anything about them,” replied Miss Lucy, “that they are very seldom made. This, however, is a good receipt for

ENGLISH MUFFINS.

Dissolve three ounces of compressed yeast in a quart of warm water, and stir in sufficient Orange Blossom flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a warm place three or four hours, or till light, then stir down and divide into pieces the size desired. Mold with the hands, and put in wooden trays containing a bed of flour for each muffin. Let stand about two hours and bake on an iron griddle, turning them over after they have risen. Bake fifteen minutes. Tear them open when cold and toast, and you will probably find them as perfect as any of the muffins you ate in England.

LOAF CAKE

is easily made, is inexpensive, and is excellent for picnic purposes. Take three cups of dough—ordinary bread dough that is perfectly light and ready for the last molding, as this is—add to it two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or mixed spices, and half a teaspoonful of soda. Work these ingredients in an earthen bowl with the hand for half an hour, or until well mixed and quite soft. Then put the mixture in a butter baking dish, lined with paraffine paper, and let stand two hours, or until light. Bake in a very moderate oven, from an hour and a half to two hours.

This cake is excellent when fresh, but I think improves with age, and is even better after it has been kept several weeks, than when only a day old. It is also very nice steamed, either fresh or stale, and served hot, as a pudding with a wine or fruit sauce.

MARYLAND BISCUIT

is a species of cracker or biscuit frequently called beaten biscuit. It is a great favorite with southern housekeepers, but is seldom seen on northern or western tables. Maryland, or beaten biscuit, are always suitable at tea, with any kind of relish, either hot or cold, and are never out of place at lunch parties or picnics. They only require a proper introduction to become highly popular. They are made in this manner: To a quart of Orange Blossom flour, add a tablespoonful of lard and a teaspoonful of salt. Rub the lard

well through the flour, moisten gradually with half a pint of cold water and work the dough a sufficient length of time to make it hold together, then beat with an axe or mallet or other heavy implement until it is pliable and blisters. When it reaches this condition stop beating, roll into balls about the size of a walnut with the hands, flatten, prick several times with a fork, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven."

Several of the pupils who had never seen Maryland biscuit took a hand at the pounding and thought it didn't pay to make them; but after seeing the chubby little fellows come from the oven so delicately brown on top and bottom, and giving a hint of their hidden whiteness through the cracks at the edges, they concluded they had been amply rewarded for the labor, and would repeat the performance at an early day.

"Now," said Miss Lucy, "we will have three kinds of cake that by their harmonious contrast in color and flavor recommend themselves to popular taste.

This is the receipe we will folllow in making

SPONGE CAKE.

Weigh ten eggs, take their weight of granulated sugar and half their weight of Orange Blossom flour. Beat separately, until perfectly light, the whites of all the eggs and the yolks of eight of them, then mix and beat together, and gradually add the sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and lastly stir in carefully the flour. Bake in square tin pans.

The cake that has been most popular the last few years, and that some ladies have even gone hundreds of miles to learn how to make, will next engage our attention. It is fancifully designated

ANGEL'S FOOD.

The ingredients are: The whites of ten eggs, one and one-half tumblers of finely granulated sugar, one tumbler Orange Blossom flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar. Add a pinch of salt to the eggs and beat them to a stiff froth. Sift the sugar three or four times and add gradually to the eggs, beating thoroughly. Mix the cream of tartar with the flour, sift five or six times, and then sift gradually into the mixture of sugar and eggs. Stir together lightly and carefully, but without beating pour into a smoth ungreased pan and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool the cake

can be removed from the pan with a fork. As the pan should always be turned bottom side up and the air allowed to pass under the cake while cooling, it is safer to leave the pan ungreased so that the cake may not drop out and be injured."

The note books and pencils that had been used so vigorously during the lesson were laid aside. Specimens of such articles as had been baked, were secured by the pupils, and as the ladies' escorts had finished their inspection of the grove and were seen approaching, cooking school was adjourned until after the picnic.

Col. Frank Mayo went to bed at a late hour that night. But sleep was a stranger to his eyelids. A new experience had come to him. Not until that day had Lucy Knight entered his thoughts. He had never heard her name spoken except by Sophie Southgate. He had never seen her face till that morning. He had conversed with her scarcely five minutes, but she had entered largely into his life. A feeling to which he had been heretofore a stranger—a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest had suddenly taken possession of him. Visions of a future into which Lucy Knight's shadow strangely projected itself, rose up before him, and filled his mind with gloomy forebodings. And when he finally sunk into a feverish slumber a panorama appeared to unroll before him in which the prominent actors were Lucy Knight and Sophie Southgate, but in which he distinctly recognized himself as a conspicuous figure in the foreground. What did it all mean?

CHAPTER X.

BREAKFAST BITES.

“Lucy,” said Mrs. Knight, as she and her niece sat at the tea table, “your uncle Tom has gone to Le Grand on business that will detain him over night. But he will be back in time for a nine o’clock breakfast to-morrow morning, and I propose that we give him a surprise. Tom’s weakness is waffles and honey, and we have had neither since you have been with us. To-day our ‘itinerating grocery man,’ as your uncle calls the old lady who occasionally brings us fresh eggs and vegetables, brought me some lovely white clover honey, and if you will contribute some Orange Blossom waffles, Nancy will prepare us a breakfast adapted to the season and clime, and worthy the occasion.”

“I shall be delighted to do it,” was Lucy’s reply. “And, aunt Carrie, with your permission I will add to the bill of fare pineapple fritters or nun’s puffs, or pop overs or some toothsome trifle that will please uncle and give Nancy no additional trouble.”

“Nancy will be so tickled at the idea of your giving her a lesson, that she will only be too happy to do anything you wish,” was Mrs. Knight’s reply, “and if she and you will assume the responsibility, you may arrange things for breakfast just as you wish, provided you don’t omit the waffles and honey.”

Miss Lucy was soon in the kitchen, and as she was a great favorite there as in the school room, it required but a few minutes for her to plan the breakfast, and instruct Nancy just how to make the waffles and fritters. And these were her recipes—

ORANGE BLOSSOM WAFFLES.

Heat a quart of milk to boiling point. Set aside till lukewarm. Stir in an ounce of butter and one and one-half pounds of Orange Blossom flour. Add a quarter of an ounce of compressed yeast dissolved in a spoonful of water, or half a gill of home made yeast. Beat thoroughly, and let rise over night. Beat again in the morning, and bake in waffle irons.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.

One cup Orange Blossom flour, one cup milk, one egg. Beat together the flour, half the milk, and the yolk of the egg. Then add gradually, beating all the while, the balance of the milk; and lastly, the white of the egg beaten stiff. Dip up the batter by spoonfuls. Insert a bit of pineapple in each spoonful. Drop into smoking hot lard, and fry till a delicate brown.

The breakfast was perfect. Nancy had learned her lesson well. The waffles and fritters were faultless, and everything gave entire satisfaction. The morning ride had given uncle Tom a keen appetite, and he helped himself bountifully to waffles and honey, and left Lucy and her aunt to discuss, without interruption, the methods of preparing various articles of food.

"These fritters," said Mrs. Knight, "were mixed with milk. Do you always use milk, and do you consider it better than water?"

"On that point" replied Lucy, "I am undecided. Sometimes I use milk, and sometimes water. Sometimes milk appears to answer better than water; and sometimes water seems to give the most satisfactory results. Either answers admirably; but as milk was abundant in the kitchen this morning, I recommended it to Nancy, with instructions to substitute water at any time she chose. I also gave her some general directions that will enable her to make quite a variety of fritters. For I have experimented a great deal with fritters, and find no difficulty in making them of nearly every kind of fruit and vegetable I am acquainted with. This rule holds good in every department of culinary science: If you obtain a thorough knowledge of the principles that govern any branch of cookery, you can with a little thought prepare an article belonging to that special branch. When you know how to make one kind of bread, or one kind of pie, it is easy to make all the varieties of bread and pie. So it is with fritters. And I presume Nancy, from the little theoretical and practical instruction I gave her about fritters, can serve up a dozen varieties, equally as nice as these are.

But fritters, like soups and salads, have to be classified, if one wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with them, as the different classes are prepared according to somewhat different methods. Take as an illustration of another class this recipe for

QUEEN'S FRITTERS.

Boil together for five minutes, in a saucepan, a pint of water, four ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and the rind of a lemon. Remove the lemon, stir in half a pound of Orange Blossom flour, and continue the stirring until the dough ceases to stick to the spoon or the saucepan. Drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat, and fry slowly until brown and crisp. These fritters should expand in the frying, to about four times their original size."

"It seems to me Lucy," said her uncle, as he complacently wiped the honey from his moustache, that I have done ample justice to the breakfast, while you have monopolized the talking. Now let me tell you a secret—an open one though—which I betray no confidence in divulging. Col. Mayo met you yesterday morning, and it is already the current report in his set, that he is a victim of Cupid's, has fallen desperately in love with you at first sight."

"O nonsense, uncle," interrupted Lucy, "we scarcely spoke with each other, and I incline to think you are drawing on your imagination for your facts. Besides, our interview was too recent to admit of such a report getting into circulation."

"So it would seem, Lucy; but jesting aside," he continued, "and in all earnestness, I heard it from three different sources. How the report got started is a mystery; but such confounded things do get afloat mysteriously, and then they always travel with lightning like rapidity."

"I see no reason why Col. Mayo should not have the privilege of falling in love at first sight," interrupted Mrs. Knight, whose womanly vision began already to catch glimpses of a prospective wedding. "He is said to be a gentleman of refinement and culture; and I can readily imagine how such a man should become an ardent admirer of our niece."

"You are very complimentary, aunt Carrie," interrupted Lucy, "But the general impression is that Col. Mayo and Sophie Southgate are already engaged."

"Lucy" said her Uncle, "the old song tells us, 'men are deceitful ever'; and you know engagements are easily broken. Your aunt Carrie will no doubt have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Colonel this evening, and next week, I shall probably be informed that I may secure the services of another teacher of

cookery, or make arrangements for turning the school room into a skating rink."

"Uncle," said Lucy as they rose from the table, "you need have no fears of my relinquishing the cooking school, as you imagine; and I have no idea that aunt Carrie will have the pleasure of meeting the Colonel before the day of the picnic."

CHAPTER XI.

REFLECTION.

Miss Knight had been too busy since the opening of the cooking school to find leisure for anything not strictly in the line of her work. That, however was such a source of gratification and pride to her, that she had no desire for leisure, and felt no need of recreation. But now that the approaching picnic had given her an enforced vacation, she determined to enjoy it to the full, by spending the greater portion of it among the birds and flowers, drinking in their music and fragrance and sharing with them the golden sunshine. The day was lovely. There had been a slight shower of rain during the night, which had settled the dust and freshened the atmosphere. And immediately after lunch Lucy selected from the library a volume of her favorite author, and started for a stroll, intending to spend the greater portion of the afternoon in the shadiest and quietest spot she might chance to find.

The conversation of her uncle at the breakfast table she considered mere badinage. The idea of Col. Mayo becoming seriously impressed with her during the five minutes interview was too preposterous to be entertained. She had heard of him as a long-time friend and admirer of Sophie Southgate. When she was told of his coming South to remain several weeks or months as circumstances might determine, she concluded he was a prospective, if not an accepted lover. And to have her name bandied about in connection with his, in a neighborhood where they were both comparative strangers, was exceedingly annoying. During their short acquaintance, a strong attachment had grown up between her and Sophie, and she was anxious not to have their kindly relations disturbed—as she knew they inevitably would be—if Sophie's temperament was that of the ordinary woman, and such a report reached her. But what could she do to prevent it obtaining circulation and credence? How could she silence the report? How could she disabuse the minds of her new-made friends on the subject? Or was the matter of sufficient importance to entitle it to consideration and notice? Col. Mayo was no more to her than hundreds of young men she had met, chatted with and forgotten. She might perhaps

be thrown in his society at the picnic, pass a pleasant hour with, and never again see him. Then why not dismiss the subject altogether? As she sauntered leisurely along, turning over in her mind these and a variety of similar questions, uncertain what answer to give them, or what exact course to pursue in relation to the unpleasant notoriety that seemed imminent, she saw Sophie coming across the grove towards her. The problem was now solved. The opportunity she needed to explain the miserable dilemma in which she had been placed, was now presented. She had not even been obliged to wait for and seek the favorable moment. In the lines of one of the poems in the volume she held in her hand, she would, "The grand occasion's forelock seize," and in a free and friendly talk with Sophie would fully define her position on friendship, love, marriage, and the relations that should exist between the sexes, so there could be no room in the future, for any complications or misunderstandings.

"I am sure you will pardon me Miss Knight for breaking in upon your solitude," began Sophie after the two ladies had met and saluted each other cordially, "when I inform you that a very dear friend in New England is so anxious to obtain your receipt for delicate cake, that she writes me I must without fail send it to her to-morrow. And for the purpose of gratifying her I concluded to make myself a nuisance and run the risk of annoying you, by coming to get it this afternoon."

"No visit could have been more opportune," replied Miss Knight, "I have a thousand and one things to say to you that I feel in justice to both of us ought to be said, and for the last half hour I have been wondering when and where I would find the proper time and place for saying them. And almost before the wish to see you had assumed shape, like some good spirit you suddenly appear in answer to it. But as we have the afternoon before us, without fear of interruption, let us sit down on the grassy bank, and after you have written out the recipe we can talk to our hearts' content."

"I am so glad I was prompted to come," was Sophie's quiet reply, as she drew from her pocket a note book and pencil, and took down at Miss Knight's dictation, this recipe for

DELICATE CAKE.

Ingredients: Three cups of Orange Blossom flour, two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of cold water, three-fourths of a cup of

butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of seven eggs, and flavoring to taste.

Cream the butter, add the sugar and beat till light and creamy. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and stir alternately with the water into the sugar and butter mixture. When they are all in beat vigorously, then add, stirring gently till thoroughly mixed, the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a moderate oven.

The last word of the recipe had scarcely been written, when a rustle among the branches a short distance from where the two women were seated, attracted their attention, and looking in the direction from whence it came, they simultaneously exclaimed "Col. Mayo!"

"I presume I am an unwelcome visitor," he remarked smilingly as he approached, "and beg pardon in advance for intruding upon your privacy in such an unceremonious manner. The fact is I passed rather an uncomfortable night, owing no doubt to an excess of bad bread, and for the purpose of getting rid of my attack of indigestion started on an aimless excursion this afternoon, little thinking I should have the pleasure of meeting such interesting companions."

"Your visit is certainly unexpected, Colonel," said Sophie, "but I am sure I speak Miss Knight's sentiments, as well as my own, when I say it is not an unwelcome one.

"Colonel Mayo is certainly welcome," said Miss Knight, "and if either of us can do anything to compensate for the loss of his night's rest, he may command our services."

"Thanks for the aid you so kindly offer," responded the Colonel, bowing politely. "And as I need no more potent panacea than an hour's chat, I shall accept your services in that direction, and claim the privilege of a seat on the greensward with you for that length of time." And he stretched himself carelessly on the grassy bank where they were seated.

Col. Mayo was entertaining at all times, but he now exerted himself to be more so than usual. And he succeeded so admirably that the time flew away very rapidly. Two hours passed, and as he expressed no intention of retiring, it became evident to Miss Knight that her proposed talk would have to be deferred, and she proposed that Sophie and the Colonel should accompany her home, and take tea with her. Both however pleaded prior engagements, and after

escorting her to her uncle's gate, bade her good bye and passed on. A few minutes afterward she was seated in an easy chair in the library, thinking. Of what was Lucy Knight thinking?

The Colonel and Sophie discussed a variety of subjects as they walked down the shady road together. The afternoon had been to her a season of happiness. She had enjoyed it as she had enjoyed no other afternoon since she had been in the South. But when she and the Colonel parted, she fancied—was it only fancy?—that he seemed more reserved and indifferent than usual in his leave taking. And as she stood at the window of her cosy little chamber and watched him saunter slowly along till out of sight, she gave herself up to her own thoughts. Of what was Sophie Southgate thinking?

The afternoon to Col. Mayo was full of lights and shadows. During the brief moments he lay on that grassy bank and talked with Lucy Knight and Sophie Southgate, and looked into the faces of those two earnest, warm hearted and truthful women he caught glimpses of a future in which for him there seemed much brightness and darkness combined—in which for him joy and sorrow seemed strangely confused, commingled, and blended. As he walked homeward he felt more dissatisfied with himself than he had felt in all the years gone by. And when he threw himself on a lounge in his room after supper, his thoughts reached far back into the past, and far onward into the future. Of what was Col. Mayo thinking?

Note on Illustrations.

The illustrations opposite, are designed to show the appearance of some of the different articles for whose preparation recipes are given in the Orange Blossom Cook Book. The various recipes will readily be found by referring to the index opposite the title page. The uses and advantages of the wash brush will be found described on page 16.

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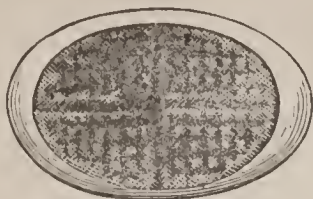
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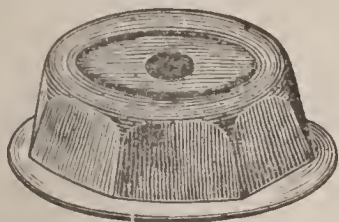
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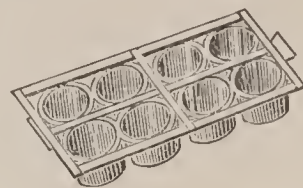
WASH BRUSH



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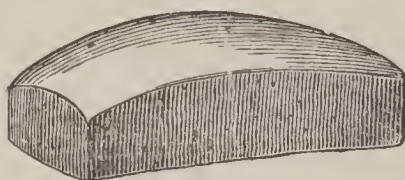
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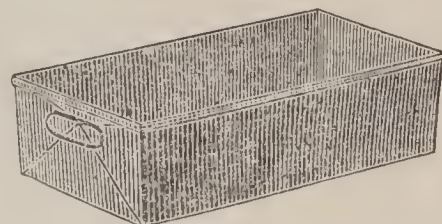
MUFFIN PANS



MARYLAND BISCUITS



HOME MADE BREAD



BREAD PAN

VOL-AU-VENTS



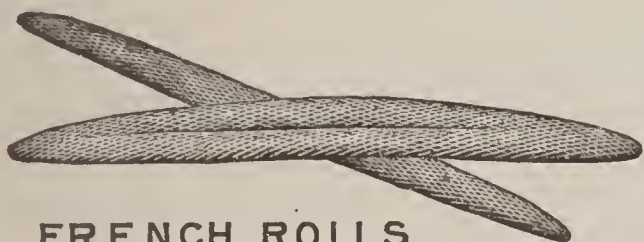
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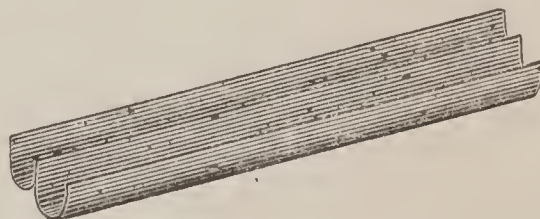
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MUFFIN RING



FRENCH ROLLS



FRENCH ROLL PAN



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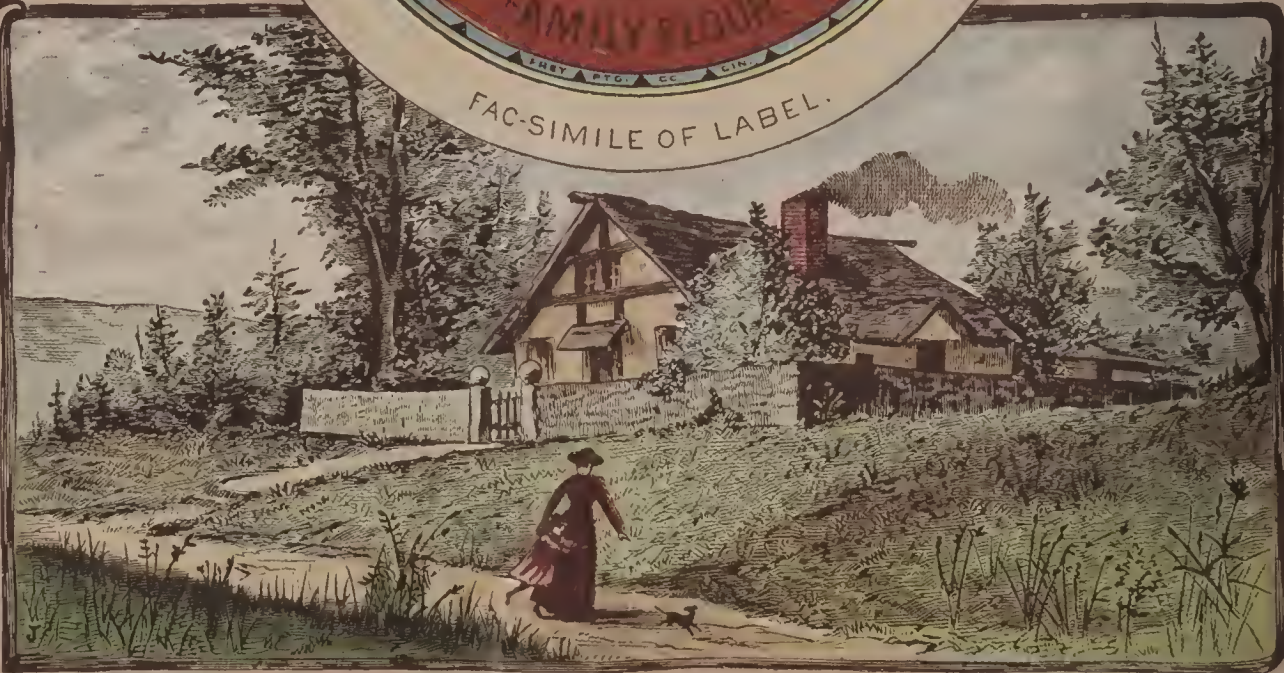
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